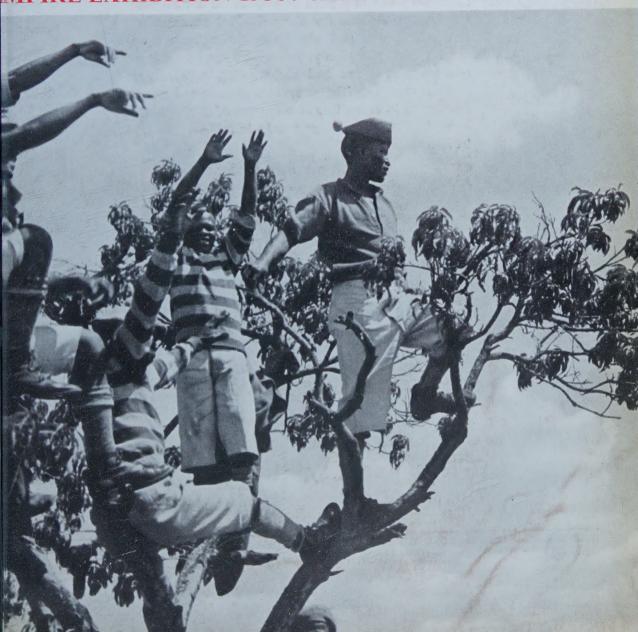
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MPIRE EXHIBITION 1936: SPECIAL AFRICAN NUMBER



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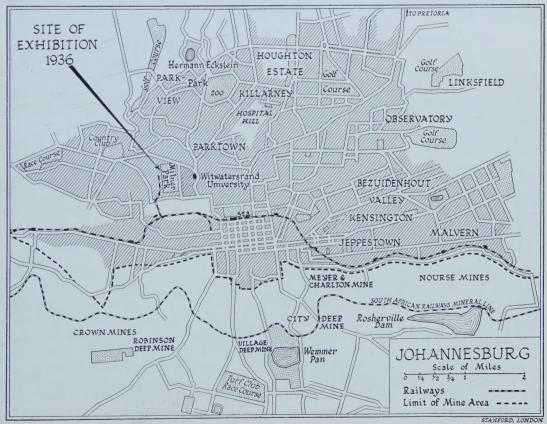
by ETHELREDA LEWIS

With the opening of the Empire Exhibition in September, Johannesburg celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. Mrs Lewis, discoverer of Trader Horn and transcriber of his memoirs, has lived many years in the Golden City, of which, in its Jubilee year, she gives this vivid and stimulating description

To gauge the achievement that is Johannesburg you have to know South Africa, past and present, as a whole. You have to realize the depth of its dreamy and slothful spirit, the spirit which makes a man sit and stare at huge distances and natural horizons pure of chimneys with growing content at their hypnotic suggestion that only space and sun matter in this life.

This prevailing spirit of ease without effort is not all due, as some think, to the Dutch influence, the powerful and infectious atmosphere of the back-veld lotuseater . . . if you can imagine a Calvinist who is also a lotus-eater. It is due in the

first place not to any national characteristics of European races who have made this southernmost slice of the continent their home but to Mother Africa herself. Never was the truth of W. S. Landor's line, 'We are what suns and winds and waters make us', proved more completely than in this remote corner of Africa where, two and a half centuries ago, the vigorous and enterprising Dutch established a colony in a spot used by those earlier explorers, the Portuguese, only as a watering place for their ships. Onto this Dutch colony was grafted, still in the 17th century, the equally vigorous and even more pious





South Africa's Age of Gold begins: one of the first diggings on the Rand in 1886

French Huguenot stock. These early colonists planted everything from parsley and pansies, in their touching first gardens, to pine forests, oak avenues of noble length, breadth and beauty, large tracts of fertile vineyard and vast areas of vegetation to control the overpowering mobile sand of the peninsula that lies between two oceans. The Dutch colonization of the Cape was a grand bit of work conducted with less cruelty to the aborigines than were the earlier, more picturesque Portuguese experiments in colonization on the west and east coasts.

It seems as if African colonies must all go through the same sort of life cycle: the swift, vigorous rise followed by a long and dreamy period of happy and sufficiently prosperous stagnation that is yet far from decay. The peace of the lake, shall we say, when once formed by some unusual effort of Nature. Happy, slothful Moçambique of today, the Portuguese resting and enjoying their ease after four centuries of fighting. . . . Happy, slothful Cape Colony of the 'eighties. . . .

Mother Africa has subdued these strangers, rusted the iron energy brought from Europe, blunted with the pleasant sloth of the body their ambitions and the intellect that has its birth in nervous bodily energy. And not only to the Dutch does this apply. After a hundred years of South Africa the English too, prior to the discovery of gold, were content to 'stand and stare' at a landscape incredibly rich in mineral wealth but only attractive to these simple agriculturists when covered with flocks and herds and growing crops. Thirty years ago, even, one of the most attractive traits of the Cape Dutchman was his innocent and serene freedom from Mammon-worship. Even today few Cape Dutchmen are money-snobs. And when gold was found there was no need for haste. Tomorrow was also another day.

There is a most attractive legend that Paul Kruger suddenly wept in front of all

those cold Englishmen sitting in council during the Milner régime. He realized, the grand old primitive with his stampingground in jeopardy, that for gold, in which he and his clan were not particularly interested, these men would go to any lengths and violate any national hearth, even this beloved hearth that was the African veld. It was as if, behind those sleek British heads and well-tailored British shoulders, he saw a vision of Johannesburg as it is today: a vision, too, of the thousands of simple Boers who have lost their simplicity and their peace and their gift of content, as well as their ancestral acres, in the hectic atmosphere of the Golden City. Even today a Cape Dutchman is at his best as the landed gentleman against his old background of veld and mountain. Scores of good old Dutch families, whose coats of arms may be seen on the walls and pillars of old churches in Holland, are poor be-

wildered townsmen today, while the wily purchaser of their gold-streaked farms and his descendants are wealthy minemagnates, if not, by this time, Oxford dons, barristers, and members of cabinets with perhaps even a stray prelate in the family as the crowning bloom on a phenomenal ascent from the primeval Egg: the Egg that was sold on temporary doorsteps and in camps by penniless but pennyworthy pioneers along the new gold diggings fifty years ago.

The presence of Johannesburg is hardly less incongruous in the African landscape than the mechanized vigour of Blackshirts in the hoary villages of Abyssinia: Abyssinia after twenty centuries of African peace and reasonable, healthy intertribal feud. Go north to the Rand from a mellow 17th-century wine farm of the Cape or from the dreamy old dorps of



The mail coach, 1889. Johannesburg, named after Surveyor-General Johannes Rissik, is 'on the map'



Ox-waggons thronged Market Square in 1893, bringing tough gold-seekers to the hastily constructed mining-town, and with them a breath of the veld. Plein Square (below), with its air of luxurious permanence, has thrust all that well into the background today

By courtesy of South African Railways and Harbours





By courtesy of the 'Star', Johannesburg

The Post Office, which is the pivot of every South African town, was early an important feature of old Johannesburg. A new Post Office (below), situated in von Brandis Square, was opened in October 1935; it cost £450,000 to build



Cape Colony and you will find yourself in another world—a world without peace. Go south to the Rand from the east coast with its pre-Portuguese Eastern peace—a peace which, prior to October 1935, had not been destroyed even by the disturbing Suez Canal, that dangerous short-cut to Europe. Go from Zimbabwe, where, in the massive walls, abides the spirit of the first gold-seekers of Africa, the spirit of the pre-Christian adventurer who must take his temple with him, whose graves we stumble over today, whose forts still cling for protective colouring to the rocky crests of the hills on the old gold route from Sofala—and you will suffer from a deep sense of bewilderment, a disharmony approaching to fear. Approach Johannesburg from the quiet Native Protectorates and you will feel an even more serious sense of disharmony, akin to that which sacrilege of a shrine calls forth, the shrine of ancient peace and ancient wars, the Black Man's altar. Approach Johannesburg from the Victoria Falls and you will see the town in a new perspective—the measure of its size and significance against Nature. Against Nature in Africa.

Even in the middle of Johannesburg, sitting in a pretty garden or in one of those highly civilized suburban houses which, even when they had no sewage system—as was the case only four years ago—made London houses and hotels seem so mustily out of date, or in one of those gorgeous new cinema-houses replete with every latest American extravagance in decoration and comfort, you will at times become sharply aware of the proximity of Nature and the uncertainties of life in golden cities. For, from the small garden full of old English flowers and scents, you may see an eagle flying grandly across the town at the same moment chosen by a wagtail to walk confidingly under your chair. From the same garden I saw once a flock of thirty to forty storks settle to rest on a group of fir trees near my gate: and from these, presently, they leisurely rose in an ascending spiral of exquisite, powerful shapes, sharp yet delicate of outline as a Japanese painting, and continued their journey in formation. Yet from that garden the clang of trams and the roar of motor traffic is heard and, always, the faint roar of the mine batteries that is like the distant sea in that it never ceases day or night.

The presence of Nature, a disturbed and menacing Nature, is felt too when, looking at the latest film—shall we say *Rhodes?*—the theatre is shaken by a prolonged earth tremor or the sudden impact from a rockfall far below. A mile, five miles, eight miles away and a mile deep from the surface: but our lovely new cinema-houses shake and tremble, our up-to-date flats of American outline and design sway ever so slightly on their steel girders while, inside, a plate on the mantelpiece slips and settles itself with a clatter, the pictures hang away from the wall at a queer angle. . . .

So far these flats are a modest height, fifteen storeys perhaps. But every year they creep up and up, architects refusing, as if hypnotized, to visualize what might happen on this sensitive, unstable ground were Nature to stage a considerable earth-

quake of her own brand.

Nature peering at Johannesburg. And in the middle of the worst tremor or rockfall, while composing your countenance to match the faintly superior smile on the collective face of the audience—it is bad form to jump or flicker an evelash at even the biggest rock-fall—you will irrelevantly remember the eagle over your garden or the storks which did not appear to notice that there was a town below them. perhaps you will think of the little fish which last year was found in a pool of water deep in one of the deepest mines. A mile from the surface lived the little fish. Nature peering at Johannesburg from the bottom of a mile-deep shaft.

A young friend of mine working below tells me that he descends a mile in the skip, then walks two miles to his stope, every day. Now you can gauge the size of the



Johannesburg, with more than 500,000 inhabitants, has long outgrown the straggling shanties of the first feverish days. Its buildings climb steadily skywards, and so do the great dumps of mine-waste that rise beyond them as one surveys the city from Hospital Hill. In the last fifty years the Transvaal has produced £1,389,280,000—some 42 per cent of the world's whole gold output to date





Johannesburg was connected by rail with the Cape ports in 1892 and with Natal in 1895. (Above)

Park Station in 1892. Today some 200 miles of track east, west and south of the city are in process
of being electrified. (Below) The western approach to Park Station





By courtesy of the 'Star', Johannesburg

In the days of horse-drawn trams (replaced by electric ones as early as 1906) Commissioner Street (above) contrived a fair imitation of contemporary urban life elsewhere. But the urbanity of modern Jeppe Street (below) expresses only one aspect of a life that is Johannesburg's vigorous own



By courtesy of South African Railways and Harbours

enormous cavities that have been made in fifty years: cavities and galleries that stretch intermittently along forty miles of the Reef, while overhead grow the pale pyramids of the dumps. Hideous and sordid on a dull day, those artificial pyramids, but strangely beautiful when the winter sun is setting and painting them with exquisite colouring of dove-grey, rose colour, cobalt and coppery green. From these dumps blows enough mine-waste to give those who live too near them symptoms of the gold-diggers' disease, miners' phthisis.

The only place where the world has really broken into southern Africa is Johannesburg. That is what makes it one of the most fascinating towns in the world to look at, this city of gold; to watch, stare at, goggle at, laugh at, loathe—and love. I 'simply hate' Johannesburg. Lots of people do, on principle. But there is not a town in all Europe I could live in with such enjoyment of life and its opportunities.

Consider a few of those anomalies which, collectively, are perhaps the secret of Johannesburg's charm. Here you have the perfect Goblin Market, say some: awful faces, terrifying faces... slums which although Johannesburg is only fifty years old are, from their cosmopolitan nature and the vicious quality of the humanity that hangs about a gold camp, more difficult to control, to organize, to restore, to keep sanitary than any slums in the world. A native in his kraal is neither dirty nor untidy. Centuries of kraal life have not littered Africa with rubbish. There is no rubbish round a kraal. Put the natives in



Johannesburg strikes a strange, American note in the African landscape

the same streets or in adjoining quarters with Indians as in East African towns and you get a certain deterioration in tribal ways but the disorder is not excessive or ugly. But mix the African native with the greedy riff-raff of all Europe plus Jews, Indians, Syrians, Chinese, Japanese: add to this the vague untidy presence, like pariah dogs, of the Poor Whites (mainly of Dutch extraction and largely the result of too much inbreeding in remote districts) who have drifted in from the dorps and river diggings in the last thirty years—and you will get slums.

Slums, yes. A whole jubilee of slums. Yet—again—if I had to be condemned to live in slums for the rest of my life, give me the Johannesburg brand, not those dark, cold, melancholy and tragic slums of

Glasgow, London, Dublin.

* * *

Strange to say, Sunday night is as characteristic of Johannesburg as any of those cinema-packed week-nights when hectic traffic makes the street dangerous. The cinemas are closed, the cafés are quiet and the churches are cheerfully full. It is, in fact, the Churches' Hour. Not outside Boston or Chicago would you find so many of what Kipling called the fancy religions flourishing as in the Golden City. Here you will get the very latest fashion in religious fancy-wear. But here too, tucked away amongst ugly warehouses in the Indian quarter not far from the marketthat market to which dozens of oxwaggons from the country drag at midnight their sixteen-to-a-span bucolic length through the brightly lighted streets reflected in thirty-two ghostly eyes, moving side by side with the latest in motorlorries-you will find in the region of mosques orthodox and unorthodox a tiny church where the Christian service is held, as the dark old priest puts it, 'in the speech that Christ spoke'. Some old Syriac form of worship brought into the Golden City with the pots and pans of the East.

Did they say Johannesburg is a wicked

place? Well, of course it is. Connoisseurs say that San Francisco and the Bowery are not in it with some of the slums near the mines, where you will find white swine and black (Gadarene breed) going down the Very Steep Place in jostling haste. But it is also a very good place, for Nature has ordained that vice calls forth virtue and—so to speak—vice versa. Like the pest and the anti-pest in a South African vineyard, they seem to need one another to justify existence and lend a little form to life.

Here is a story typical of this dual personality of Johannesburg. A certain clergyman of rank went forth into the town to get money, for which, as usual, the church had more faith than funds. And this dignitary, being not without worldly wisdom, went to the offices of the rich mining groups and other business men down near the Corner House-inner sanctum of gold-and the Stock Exchange and the great Trust Company buildings where all is so quiet and dignified, almost sacred, in atmosphere. And never doubting his instincts in the matter, for he had once studied psychology before he decided on the Church—where it is not needed—he proceeded to do in Rome as Rome does. He put it to the Rich Man, possibly over a rich man's cigar, that it is good business for an ambitious city to have a fine expensive cathedral. All those new flats and emporiums and hotels going up. The Church can't lag behind. Good business, good civics, beautify your city, service with a smile, and all the other slogans. Quite a busy time His Reverence had in the quarter where the traffic is far more hushed than it is round the churches. Only the whisper of fat limousines and the tiptoeing of messengers. But towards the end of the week the Rich Man began comparing notes in the Club. And one said to another: "Look here, I don't like the way he put it. Damme, I was shocked. Why can't he stick to his line and leave me to mine? He'd have got a much bigger cheque out of me if he'd come as a



Headgear of the Robinson Deep Mine, one of the golden springs that feed Johannesburg



... Strangely beautiful when the winter sun is setting ... Mine dumps near Robinson Deep

what-d'you-call-it. You know, father-ofhis-flock and all that. I'm not a religious man, haven't got much time to spare, but I like to see religion properly represented and carried out." They felt, these simple, iron-handed sons of toil, the falseness of the appeal: as if a sheep, cynically smiling, were to don wolf's clothing as it approached the wolf's den. Thus they talked, Jew and Gentile all cosily together. Extraordinary what a tremendous leveller is riches: the Gentile reaching up towards the Jewish intellect, the Jew reaching down to the Gentile's tailor, his club, his car, and all that is his except his neglected church. Extraordinary how the normal heart warms to the wicked plutocrat when he shows so much sense of fitness. As a matter of fact, even some of the very bloated ones, and some who rose from the Primeval Egg, are great gentlemen: greater than that church dignitary who offered them so subtle an insult; great with that energetic greatness of action so rarely found in the best families.

Sunday night, that often difficult period in English surroundings, in Johannesburg goes with a better swing than in any town I can think of. You have a burst of church in every direction followed by concerts or a communist meeting at nine, to catch the churchgoers. Or you may like to motor out to one of the mine compounds to watch the American Mission, who think nothing of playing push-ball on Saturdays with a thousand or so natives a side, showing the story of Jesus on the whitewashed side of a store-room. The audience of several thousand natives takes the story of Jesus quite as seriously as it will take the Wild West show they will see on the Monday. It is good to sit amongst them and hear the deep and childlike exclamations of men who possibly had a faction fight that very morning, with one or two killed and several injured—almost like a football match.

There is a nice variety in the concerts, though. You may go either to a frankly 'popular' concert held in one of the big cinemas in dense tobacco smoke; or you

may go to a civic sort of concert where you get some of the more shop-worn classics and a lot of patriotic loud music on the organ; or you may go to a nice little cosy concert of chamber music held in the ballroom of one of the hotels. Nothing fits in better with Sunday night than quartets composed of pre-Hitler, pre-Hohenzollern Germans in the Golden Age. And nowhere do you enjoy good music more than in the dangerous proximity of a hotel 'lounge' where jazz might break out at any moment. The mental stimulation of contrast again. On a Sunday night, too, you may hear a very modern play at the Jewish Guild or—a change from the Wednesday night public lectures at the University and the English Association meetings —a lecture on philosophy, or style in literature, by some of the University staff, or it may be some learned utterance on Hebrew literature by the Chief Rabbi. Full house, all very stimulating and jolly. You may go to one of the theatres and hear some visiting lecturer from America or Europe or you may go to the Indian quarter where they are having an evening on Tagore, or it may be celebrating Gandhi's birthday. Or there is the German Club where you can watch a film to the accompaniment of good music and the clink of beer mugs and the deep hum of Teutonic talk, where there is no need for discretion as in the Fatherland.

City of contrasts, Johannesburg, nowhere more pronounced than among the neighbours that compose a street. In the same little street of a thickly populated neighbourhood, let us say of tiny 'fourroom and kitchen-pantry-bath' houses, each bungalow costing £200 a year in rent, your neighbours on the one side may be Polish Jews who own a native eating-house in the slums while on the other side you may have a neighbour whose name belongs to the stately homes of England, or is redolent of the richer elements in English culture. He may, for example, be a grandson of



Modern cinemas, among them the superb Colosseum, can entertain 13,000 Johannesburgers at a time

Leigh Hunt and agreeably proud of his ancestry. (Not quite the same as the discovery you made recently that the young man painting and papering your house is a nephew of the late Sir Edward Elgar. As he put it one day, with engaging understatement: "Me Uncle's rather keen on music, I believe." It is characteristic of South Africa that this young workman's mate turned out to be not a professional painter but a professional knife-thrower from a circus. His methods of applying the paint almost betrayed his calling.) In such a street, on your back doorstep, you may, while buying fruit and vegetables from an Indian trader, discuss the character of Gandhi, "our Indian Christus," and from there get on to the works of Romain Rolland.

At your door too, if the door be suf-

ficiently humble to attract the poor—and, by the way, we are now at the front againyou will hear tales of Africa and of fortune told by old prospectors of the mining camp's early days. In the town are others of the breed who never appear on doorsteps. Such an one is Mr D-, a noblelooking old man with dark, brilliant eyes and a Jovian-looking beard hanging from the cheek-bones in a distinctly classical way. That quality called bearing dignifies the rags which he wears. Once the editor of a big provincial paper in Britain but caught and held by gold after the Boer War, he now dreams old age away tramping the town whose older streets are built on unmined gold. Sometimes he conducts the sale between two parties of, it may be, a packet of Namaqualand diamonds. For this he may have to entertain his man,



The Witwatersrand University (founded in 1903 as the School of Mines and Technology) began to build in 1920 on the 80 acres in Milner Park presented to it by the Municipality

By courtesy of South African Railways and Harbours



The Public Library, completed in 1935, is by far the largest Free Library in South Africa. The building not only houses 150,000 volumes, but contains also a Museum and a Repertory Theatre

By courtesy of the 'Star', Johannesburg



The lack of adequate railway-station facilities was a cause of heart-burning for many years until, in 1933, at a cost of £650,000 a new station with two miles of platform was completed

By courtesy of South African Railways and Harbours



By courtesy of the 'Star', Johannesburg Well-planted hillsides, as a setting for residential suburbs, are pleasantly foreign to the natural landscape

with manners of an admirable texture, at tea in a cheap but respectable café, just as other business men give each other lunch when they want to talk important business, carefully watching the moment for action. No one would believe it was an illicit performance: not over crumpets and tea.

The latest group of New Poor in Johannesburg is that of the ex-officer of the army and navy, now an ex-settler too, who, after going swiftly bankrupt on the alleged farm sold to him in London, finds Johannesburg the best place in which to become a taxidriver, a peddler of sewing-machines or an agent for some coal merchant, going from door to door in the slums.

As for the largest group of New Poor, *i.e.* the Poor Blacks, these you will *not* find begging on your doorstep, not even under the flimsy pretence of hawking. Still do these simple folk feed each other when hungry and nurse each other when sick; nor, except in the case of blindness or

deformity, do they wish to learn the civilized game of the beggar. The native, whether he is in the compounds of the mines, where he is well fed, housed, doctored, preached to and amused, or a worker in the town, where he becomes detribalized far more quickly than in the protected life of the compounds, has brought with him certain comforts of the kraal to help him face civilization in the Golden City. Johannesburg has one of the biggest hospitals and nursing systems in the world, but this does not deter the native witch-doctor from settling to practise where there are half a million natives, every man of which would rather 'consult' the witch-doctor before he 'tries' the Harley Street man. In Johannesburg the witchdoctor becomes a herbalist to avoid the law and has a minute shop-window amongst some of the surviving shanties of the old mining camp between, it may be, an American negro tattooist and a Kafir



By courtesy of the Chamber of Mines, Johannesburg A mile down: the dark source of the Golden City's wealth

eating-house called Hotel à la Bantu. At the sign of the herbalist a native may purchase lion fat, or, more rarely, human fat, and other macabre by-products of the human frame, for the purposes of muti (magic). Here too, in gentler mood, he may buy a love-philtre composed, it may be, of mistletoe juice (Sir James Frazer please note) distilled from the indigenous mistletoe found in old coastal forests, together with blasting gelatine, that most potent medicine of the white man, cleverly adapted to ancient uses.

Goblin Market? Yes. Also Mushroom City, Mining Camp, Would-be American City, Tammany Town, Refuse Dump of Europe, Death Trap of the Native Races?

All right, all right. Johannesburg's a bit of all that. Yet although the tale is often told of the millionaire (1886 vintage) who, having ordered a statue of the Venus de Milo, sued the Railway Department for breaking off her arms—and the Railway, being unable to produce them, very

properly paid it—you will find a far larger percentage of cultured folk hidden away in Johannesburg than in many an English town of blameless reputation but dull social texture. More generous hearts, more gaiety; more true internationalism than they have been able to establish synthetically at Geneva; more—much more—true religion than in the chastest cathedral town at home; and, queerly, more people giving their very lives and their living to help African natives withstand the tragic impact of a premature gold-hastened civilization in Africa than you will find in all the British territories and protectorates. For in the peaceful atmosphere of Indirect Rule guarding native interests is not a passion, not a religion or a profound conviction whose followers are not infrequently laughed at and slighted and always bitterly opposed by Government—but a paid, calm, leisurely, peacefully bureaucratic and dead-easy job when measured against the Native Question in the Union of South Africa.

A Race-meeting in Basutoland



The highland Protectorate of Basutoland is still politically distinct from, though geographically included in, the Inion of South Africa. Its people are keen riders and lovers of horses, for whom race-meetings present an resistible attraction. The annual meeting here portrayed is, like others, entirely organized by the Basutos—the horses trained and ridden and the 'tote' conducted by them







(Above) Prisoners in their striped clothes—some of them sentenced for homicide—were allowed by their gaoler to watch the racing and took up their perches enthusiastically in a tree-top (Opposite) A girl of the Tembu tribe added to the entertainment of the crowd by executing a spirited dance (Below) The only white official there—specially invited by the Basutos—was the Assistant Commissioner. He and the European children with him were joined by Chief Bering, who had several horses entered







(Above) Basuto men and women alike are at home in the saddle. Women spectators, wearing 'dookies' (the native cloth turbans) and the universal woollen blankets, arrived on horseback

(Opposite) The crowd, on the whole, was very orderly, but a slight disturbance—someone trying to work off an old score with one of the convicts, perhaps—called for attention and Basuto mounted police are here seen galloping up a donga (a dry, eroded gully)

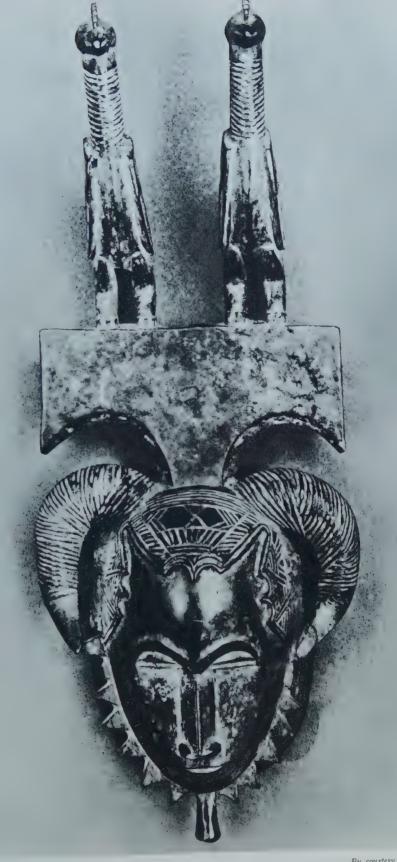
(Right) A jockey. This is not a profession—just a day's occupation. Some ride for the chiefs, others are 'owner-riders'

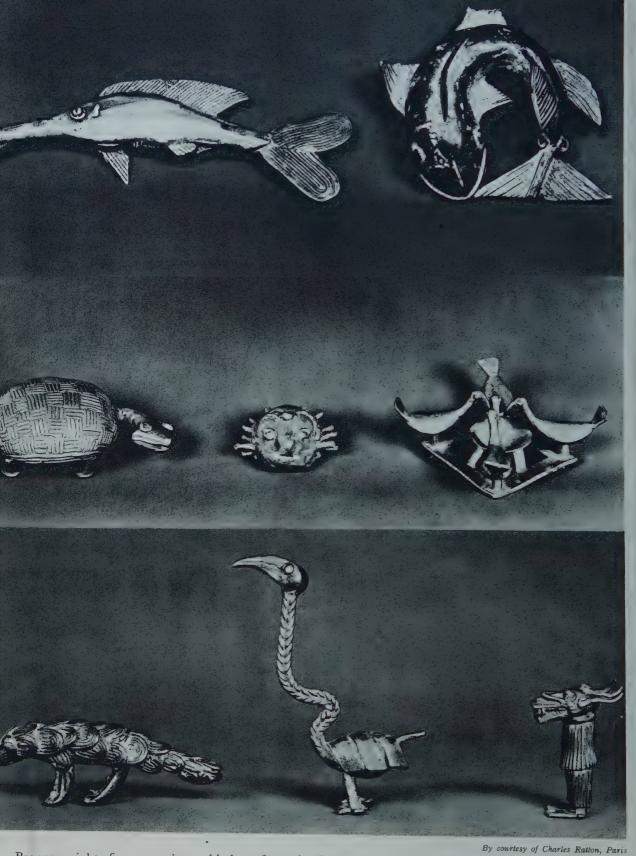




(Above) The steward summoned the horses to the line-up with a police bugle
(Below) One of the races (the meeting lasted from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.) in progress. Every jockey was out to win—
not always the case elsewhere! Most of the races were for thoroughbreds, handicapped on European lines; some
were unrestricted, for horses of any age or kind







Bronze weights for measuring gold dust, from the Ivory and Gold Coasts





A so-called God of War, in hammered brass, from Dahomey, French West Africa



A wooden equestrian figure from Dahomey



By courtesy of the Museum für Völkerkunde, Leipzig



By courtesy of the Musée d'Ethnographie, Paris
A cup, in wood, in the form of a human head, from the Belgian Congo



By courtesy of Baron Eduard von der Heydt An ancestral figure (back and front view) from Gabon, French Equatorial Africa

Libya

Italy's North African Colony

by JANE SOAMES

A recent visit to Libya has enabled Miss Soames to acquire information regarding the spirit and methods of its governors, which is of great general interest at the present time. For the English-speaking public has had little opportunity of learning how Italy governs her colonies: yet only in the light of such knowledge is it possible to judge what Italian administration may be likely to attempt in Abyssinia

THERE is a very striking contrast between the modern political divisions of North Africa and the physical character of the country—which is essentially all one from the mouth of the Nile to the Atlantic coast. There are no natural barriers and no considerable change of either climate or vegetation; the population, an original Berber stock intermixed with Arab invaders, is very similar throughout, and more important still, the Moors, Algerians, Tunisians and Libyans are of the same religion. Except for the Jewish communities along the coast, all North Africa is Moham-There is a certain admixture of negro blood, especially in the towns-the fruit of many slave raids in the past—but in dress, architecture, language and custom, all founded upon and permeated by the Faith of Allah, the native civilization of the whole territory north of the Sahara is, in spite of unimportant local variations, one and the same thing.

Under the Roman Empire the whole territory was united. After the conquest of Carthage, Rome extended her rule all across the continent, and by the end of the 1st century A.D. the Greek and Punic cities of the earlier settlers were all engaged, under Roman occupation, in supplying Italy with oil and grain. Nor was Rome content simply to occupy the coast: the legions marched far south across the desert (though no one today can tell you how it was done) and occupied the more important oases, on the very edge of the Sahara. The ruins of Volubilis (near Meknes in Morocco), Carthage, Constant-

ine, Sabratha, Leptis Magna, Tolmeta and Cyrene remain as witnesses to that past splendour.

But all depended upon Rome—the building, the statues, the mosaic pavements, the hundreds of marble columns, the wells, ports and roads, the vast agricultural production—and when the Roman grip began to weaken all that civilization tottered and crumbled with it. For a time under Byzantium, though the cities shrank in size and their commerce declined, they still maintained themselves, but without Roman aid the North African colonies were defenceless against barbarian invasion

The first to come were the Vandals, and after them in the 7th and subsequent centuries the Arabs—the soldiers of Allah -riding in from Asia to impose their new creed by the sword. There was nothing to oppose their advance, and they swept right across the continent, establishing themselves and their religion everywhere. The coming of the Crescent unified all North Africa, and the unity has remained unbroken until modern times; but it is a static unity, without scope for change or improvement, uninfluenced by the advance of science or art, untouched by any kind of material progress. Morocco remained an independent kingdom, and in the 16th century the Turks, who had already possessed themselves of Egypt, established the regencies of Algeria, Tunisia and Tripolitania. The Barbary states degenerated into mere communities of pirates along the coast, while the interior remained unknown; and North Africa was to all intents and purposes cut off from Europe until the latter part of the last century.

Before the Italian occupation in 1912 Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, the two provinces of Libya, were practically unknown to European travellers. The Turkish Government did nothing to improve trade, communications or agriculture, but limited its activities to the maintenance of military garrisons in the towns and the collection of the largest possible sum in taxation.

The reason why this vast area, extending from the Tunisian frontier to Egypt and from the Mediterranean to Kufra and Ghat, so long escaped the attentions of the European Great Powers is not difficult to divine—it is extremely poor. Italy came late into the race for the partition of the African continent, and by the time she arrived all the best bits had been taken and only the dry bones remained—a huge expanse of arid empty land extending down into the Sahara, a few oases, some pasturage on the Jebel Nefusa range, and along

Naples 1 Malta A CRETE SEA

Naluto Garian

Inaluto Garian

Inipolitania Sirte Cyrenaica Sollum

Ghadames II B y A M

Fezza n

Ghadames Murzuk

Oasis of Kufra

Oasis of Kufra

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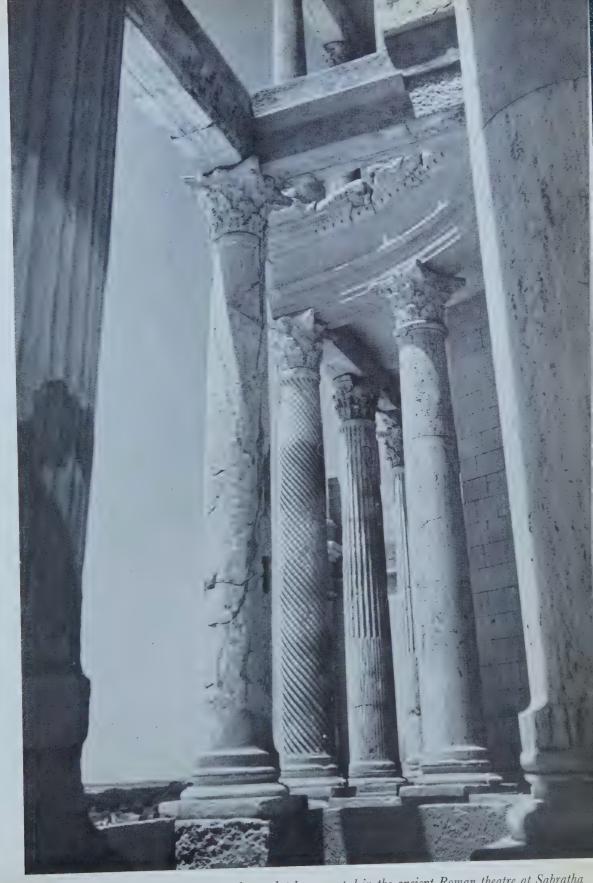
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Land over 1500 ft.

Railways -----
Stanford, London

parts of the coast a narrow strip where the annual rainfall is sufficient to permit cultivation and the hope that with better methods its area can be extended. Unfortunately the War intervened before she had been able to do much more than establish herself firmly in the coastal towns; and when in 1915 she finally decided to enter the struggle it was plainly beyond her powers to take effective action on her northern frontier and at the same time pursue a forward colonial policy in a hostile country with extremely few natural Withdrawal was inevitable. Garrisons were left in Tripoli, Benghazi and a few other places on the coast; the towns were surrounded by protective walls (which still exist, a striking reminder of the short time the Italian occupation has lasted) and the country was left to its own devices. The Turkish influence was still strong enough to provoke active rebellion, and there was an abortive attempt on the part of dissident Arabs to invade Egypt from Cyrenaica; but the worst effect of the War was to strengthen the hostility of the native population to Italian rule—which at that time looked as though it might be

On the appointment of Count Volpi as Governor-General in 1921 the position changed, and from that moment dates the effective occupation. He at once undertook energetic measures to reconquer what had been lost, initiating a policy which was supported and extended by the present régime when it took over the reins of Government in 1924. It was then decided to undertake the development and exploitation of the colony. Everything remained to be done: there were practically no modern roads, communications with the interior were difficult and, while Cyrenaica was in a state of open revolt, even 60 miles south of Tripoli itself the attitude of the native population was quite uncertain. The last strongholds of rebellion in Tripolitania were finally subdued in 1929, but the process of effective occupation in



An inspiration to Fascist Rome: columns lately re-erected in the ancient Roman theatre at Sabratha

Cyrenaica was only completed four years ago. It necessitated a long series of guerilla campaigns over extremely difficult country, the building of roads, the provision of water and supplies for long desert marches, and at times severe punitive measures. Such a state of affairs, of course, greatly impoverished the country; considerable numbers of the native population fled across the border into Egypt, and it was found necessary to remove others from one area to another, with a consequent loss of livestock from which the country is only now beginning to recover. But in spite of all these difficulties the programme of development was carried on continuously, and it is now possible to arrive at some estimate of what has been done, what remains to do, and what the possibilities are.

The present Government accepted the task before it in a spirit of great courage and energy. It was felt that simply to occupy the coast (which would have been a much less costly policy than that adopted) was not enough; the development and improvement of the whole territory as well as the responsibility for a backward native population was undertaken. And it was fully recognized that the Government must provide the funds. There has been no important influx of private capital into Libya, which is essentially a Government creation-planned, directed and paid for by the State down to the smallest details. A large annual allotment is made from the Italian Budget providing more than threequarters of the income of the colony, and nothing but time will prove whether the enormous sums of money thus spent, first



The world of Islam—a world that maintained its indolent unity unchanged during the long centuries of Arab and Turkish rule which preceded the Italian occupation of Libya in 1912



In the Arab quarter of Tripoli the old life still goes on; but its atmosphere of lethargy and decay is being invigorated by a keen wind from the new Rome

upon the war and pacification of the rebel areas, and subsequently upon agriculture, building and all kinds of public works, will eventually be justified from the strictly economic point of view. It is difficult to believe that the colony can ever present more than a very limited outlet for Italy's surplus population: on an optimistic estimate possibly 200,000 Italians may in the future be able to make a living there. At present, immigration is very carefully supervised and the majority of the colonist families (for single individuals are not accepted) are given a house and a loan in cash to carry them over the first season at least, as well as a grant of land. But if it be a merit to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, then Italian policy in North Africa requires no further defence. The results that have been achieved in so short a time are astonishing.

The whole enormous area contains, all told, less than a million inhabitants; more than half of it is desert, and much of the rest mere steppe, with a sparse growth of shrubs and plants. There is acute water shortage everywhere, and a very low rainfall even along the coast. The only parts of the colony (with the exception of the oases) which are habitable and present any possibility of European colonization or development are the coastal belt between the Tunisian frontier and Misurata on the west side of the Gulf of Sidra, and a similar area between Benghazi and Derna on the east, extending rather further inland-not a twentieth part of the whole territory.

The first essential of development was, of course, the provision of communications.

There is no good natural harbour anywhere along the coast except at Tobruk, near the Egyptian frontier, where its position and lack of fresh-water supply make it difficult to utilize; but the ports of Tripoli and Benghazi have been improved, deepened and extended more or less successfully. The difficulty is to prevent their silting up: dredging operations are continually in progress to maintain them, but it is not yet possible for the largest class of yessel to enter the harbour.

Land communications have, however, been created everywhere. It is interesting to note that Italy's occupation dates from what may be called the post-railway period; there are only two short railway lines, connecting Tripoli and Benghazi respectively with the neighbouring little towns, and it is not intended to continue them. Roads have been found to meet

the needs of the country and are at the same time cheaper to make and maintain. There are now first-class metalled roads in excellent repair connecting all the principal towns and well marked *pistes* to the farthest southern desert confines. But, of course, once the inhabited coastal belt is left behind, filling stations and the possibility of repairs are few and far between.

The main coast road, from the Egyptian to the Tunisian frontier, is already more than three-quarters completed; but there are still some gaps (though they can be negotiated), one between Benghazi and Sirte, and to the east the last lap between Tobruk and Sollum. The work is now in progress and a first-class surface will be finished over the whole distance by the end of this year—an immense advantage to the country, for it will make communication with Egypt and the French colonies much



Strangest among the many mosques of Tripoli, the Durahr stands solitary and imposing, a lighthouse of the Faith and a breakwater against the invading West



Lighthouses and breakwaters serving more material ends have contributed to the rapid development of Tripoli under Italian rule. A modern city has arisen, built in a skilfully modified Arab style, with a marine drive, arcaded shopping streets, and (below) a palatial new hotel and casino to attract tourist traffic





Roads, in the Roman tradition, were the first concern of the new régime. A section of the great coastal highway—1250 miles long—between the Tunisian and Egyptian frontiers, now nearly complete

easier. Previously there was no land passage, and anyone who wanted to go, say, from Tripoli to Alexandria, or Tunis to Benghazi, had to get there by sea. There remain three hundred kilometres uncompleted on the Egyptian side, and when this last link is forged it will be possible to motor right across the continent to the Atlantic.

The name of the present Governor-General, Air-Marshal Balbo, is sufficient guarantee that the colony is well equipped with aerial communications. There is a daily seaplane service between Tripoli and Rome, a daily service by aeroplane between Tripoli and Benghazi, and twice a week a service to Cairo, Khartoum and Asmara which connects with the Imperial Airways line to the Cape. Aerodromes and emergency landing-grounds have been prepared and mapped all over the country

and it is hoped that later on it may be possible to establish regular aerial communication with Central Africa also.

From the economic point of view the first and most important task has been the development of agriculture, which, except for tunny-fishing and sponge-diving along the coast, is the sole industry of the country. The improvement of native methods and the introduction of new crops, the increase of the acreage under cultivation and the provision of water are the main problems—all in large measure due to the past government of the country under Turkey, whose crushing taxation kept the native population on a bare subsistence level and did nothing to encourage essential capital outlay.

Trees are the basis of cultivation in both Tripoli and Cyrenaica, for two reasons: they protect the young crops from the



The Arabs did not extend regular cultivation beyond the oases. By scientific irrigation and afforestation (essential to protect crops and conserve moisture) the Italians have already reclaimed large areas of desert

ghibli, the hot south and south-east wind which blows up from the Sahara carrying with it clouds of fine sand, and they conserve moisture. Consequently the first and most essential work has been reafforestation. The problem has been scientifically approached: there are large experimental institutions at Tripoli and Benghazi, many hundred acres have been planted by the Government with a view to finding the most suitable varieties, and now the results are visible and most striking. For miles inland along the coastal plain of Tripolitania the country is planted with olives, almonds, vines and fruit trees; eucalyptus avenues line the roads and there are hedges of tamarisk, mimosa and castor-oil plant protecting the market gardens. In all directions wherever there is suitable soil one sees plantations of new trees, spaced out mathematically in long brave lines from the road. A very bad dry season kills some, and until they are well established the more tender suffer from the sand-storms and require watering, but most of the first planting survives.

Before the Italian occupation the Arabs regularly cultivated only the oases, where there is a good supply of surface water; and of these Tripoli is the largest. It is thickly covered with date palms, and under their protecting shade two and even three crops can be grown in a year with the aid of irrigation from the primitive Arab wells, the water being hauled to the surface by a donkey or thin bullock. But beyond the oases there was nothing but the arid steppe, pasturing a few sheep and cattle. The Arab farmer might sow a few acres here and there, but in a dry season it would not be worth his while even to return to garner his crop. The Italian

authorities have now set themselves to increase the area which it is possible to irrigate, and as the result of extensive surveys it has been found that there is an inexhaustible supply of water below the surface, though frequently at considerable depth. Wherever the cost is not prohibitive, artesian wells are being sunk, and the wind fans which bring the water to the surface are to be seen for miles inland in the district round Tripoli itself, where hundreds of acres have been reclaimed and

put under regular cultivation.

Tripolitania and Cyrenaica now produce sufficient wine for their own needs from the vineyards, which of course did not exist under Islam; and yet another totally new industry has been created which supplies all local requirements and a surplus for export as well—that of tobacco. There is a large and well-equipped factory at Tripoli, and 80 per cent of the tobacco used in it is grown in the country, some by natives in the oases and an increasing percentage by Italian colonists on land previously uncultivated. It is and probably always will be necessary to import a certain proportion of leaf for blending, chiefly from Macedonia and the United States, because the soil of North Africa is not suited to these essential varieties, but the cost is very small.

It is an amazing experience to visit the new tobacco concessions of Tigrinna, about 50 miles south of Tripoli. One drives across the coastal plain along a first-class road for about 40 miles, and suddenly the Jebel range rises before one, straight like a wall. The road climbs to the plateau above by a series of hairpin bends, and there one finds a totally different landscape with a much cooler climate at Garian, the little town which has become popular as a summer resort. Four or five miles on, the tobacco concessions begin; the road winds up and down low hills, there are olive trees everywhere, and the white houses of the colonists dotted all about, the new church and school crowning a rise in the classic Tuscan manner, all combine to give the impression of an Italian landscape. It is hardly credible that the whole thing did not exist four years ago—roads, excellent four-roomed houses for more than five hundred families, school, church, warehouse and offices have all grown up where previously there were only a few patches of cultivated land, and some wandering Arabs pasturing a few sheep and goats.

The Government is also taking measures to improve the breed of livestock in the colony, with the object of finding the best cross for the miserably small local cattle and underbred sheep. The wool of these when crossed with caracul is found to be greatly improved; Cyrenaica (where the chief pastures are) already produces annually 600 tons of wool, and this figure will now increase—a valuable contribution to the national economy, for Italy is obliged to import most of the wool she needs.

There is an important difference between the two provinces of Libya, Tripolitania and Cyrenaica-separated by the Gulf of Sidra. The lie of the land is much the same in both: a flat sea-plain, the Jebel range rising from it and extending inland as a plateau, and after that the desert the endless waste of rock and sand, empty of all life save for the few oases. But though the physical conformation is similar, Cyrenaica (the eastern portion) enjoys the advantage of a rather larger rainfall. The plain is green and growing, the hills of the Jebel covered with bushes, shrubs and even forests of low-growing trees. There is here abundant pasture. The native population differs somewhat also; the Arabs of Tripolitania are for the most part sedentary and their level of culture is rather higher than that of the nomads of Cyrenaica, who live chiefly in tents and move from place to place with their flocks, though rarely leaving a limited area. It is in Cyrenaica that it will probably be possible to establish the largest number of Italian immigrants; there are already 18,000 and the official calculation is that



The Libyan Government's surveyors have ascertained that water often exists underground. Artesian wells and wind fans bring it to the surface, where it is stored in reservoirs for use in cultivation



Italian colonists on the new tobacco plantations at Tigrinna, near Garian. Immigrant families are given houses and land, half of which must be used for tobacco to be sold to the Government



A recently built Arab market in Tripoli, for the sale chiefly of agricultural produce brought in from the country. Clean, and supplied with running water, it is a great improvement on the old out-of-door markets

A new village at Tajura, designed to house the families of native colonial troops. Similar quarters are provided for all the Moslem soldiers—who habitually marry young—with free water, garden ground, schooling for children and medical attention



The modern residential quarter of Tripoli is occupied largely by the families of Italian officials. Behind can be seen the domes of the Palazzo del Governo in its park of palm-trees and (left) the new cathedral and campanile

the country will shortly be able to support a total of 50,000. The wide plain of which Barce is the centre has from time immemorial grown excellent wheat and barley, and there is every hope that with improved methods the production will be greatly increased.

The native Arab civilization is a witness to the poverty of Lybia: there are here no grand seigneurs to be compared with the Lords of the Atlas, no palaces reminiscent of the Arabian Nights as in Morocco or Algeria. The only towns of any size in the whole country are Tripoli, which now boasts a population of 95,000, and Benghazi, with rather less than half as many. Both are interesting from the point of view of local colour, but neither contains any very striking example of Moslem architecture. Nearly all native trade of any considerable amount is carried on by the

Jews, who are to be found in all the coastal towns, living in a quarter apart and devoutly keeping to their own traditions. They are greatly despised by the Sons of the Prophet, and the majority live in extreme poverty—by far the dirtiest inhabitants of the country. The Arabs, as good Moslems, are obliged to keep the elementary rules of hygiene imposed by Koranic law; they must wash hands, face and feet at least twice every day, but the poorest Jews conspicuously fail to carry out even these minimum precautions. There are a few very ancient Jewish agricultural communities in the Jebel, founded, it is believed, by immigrants from Palestine itself shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem, but for the most part the Jews are devoted exclusively to commerce, and are not to be found outside the towns.

The native population of Tripolitania



The 'Principessa de Piemonte' institute in Tripoli for children afflicted with trachoma, the eyedisease which infests North Africa. Their elementary instruction includes personal hygiene, as dirty habits spread the disease



The Italians have raised both mounted and foot regiments of Arab troops, officered by Italians and garrisoned all over the country in small detachments to maintain order. (Above) A fantasia or spectacular gallop-past of cavalry, firing their rifles into the air. (Below) Native camel corps in review order



and Cyrenaica are not given full Italian nationality, which exempts them from obligatory military service; but they can enlist in the native regiments, and these (especially the cavalry and camel corps) have already reached a high pitch of efficiency—though for all expert and semi-expert handling of machinery it is still necessary to retain a nucleus of Italians, who are attached to each section.

There can be no question that Italian government has been of great material benefit to the native population, both Moslem and Jewish, and this is now beginning to be appreciated. The rebellions in both colonies were not easily put down and it was necessary (as also in French Morocco) to use great severity on occasion; but once the pacification was complete Italian policy has been to do everything possible to attach the native subjects to the administration by the strongest of all links-that of interest. Drainage and water have been provided in the native quarter of all the towns, many of the suks (the characteristic North African covered markets) have been rebuilt and vastly improved, free medical attention is at the disposal of all who care to take advantage of it; and a large number of the native population find employment under the Government. More than 9000 Arabs are now at work on road construction alone, and there is no unemployment in the colony, for Italian immigrants are not permitted to enter the country unless work is waiting for them, so that there is no Italian competition with native labour.

But perhaps the greatest achievement is the provision of elementary education for both Moslems and Jews. There are schools for Moslems in every village of any size in Tripolitania and already in all important centres of Cyrenaica also—not only in the coast towns but far south across the desert. In Ghadames, Ghat and Murzuk, hundreds of burning, empty miles away from Tripoli, there are flourishing Arab schools teaching Italian as well as the three R's; and the scholastic population is increasing

so rapidly that an institute for the higher education of Moslems has been founded to train native teachers. The difficulty of providing for Moslem women is of course very great, but there are already schools for girls in the large centres of both provinces, and in time it is hoped to extend this work also.

The education of Italian subjects is admirably provided for; there are new and excellent school buildings in all the towns, and every little agricultural group is similarly equipped. This aspect of colonial administration is typically Italian; there can be no country in the world where children are more cherished than in Italy, and the tradition is fully maintained. One sees children everywhere, and, of whatever race or religion, the Italian Government provides for them all. Even the State tobacco factory in Tripoli is equipped with a modern and luxurious crèche, where the mothers can leave their children during the day.

From the archaeological point of view, however, if from no other, Libya is rich indeed; and the authorities, proudly conscious of the link with Rome, have undertaken excavations the results of which are magnificent. Four out of the five large Roman towns along the coast, Sabratha, Tripoli and Leptis Magna in Tripolitania, Tolmeta and Cyrene in Cyrenaica, remained untouched until the advent of Italy. They contain some of the finest relics of antiquity. All were large and important ports; it is estimated that Leptis alone housed a population of 200,000; and these monuments of a past civilization, standing by the seashore where today is nothing but emptiness and desolation, strike the imagination very strongly. In Tripoli, the only Roman town which has remained in continuous occupation, can still be seen the triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius, standing incongruously in the old Arab quarter among the little whitewashed Mohammedan houses.

It is remarkable that there is no marble



What will doubtless prove a favourite tourist route runs south-westwards from Tripoli over excellent new roads through the desert to lonely Ghadames. At Nalut, as at other stopping-places, a comfortable hotel (above) has been built. Ghadames, a maze of covered and palm-shaded lanes, is an oasis of ancient peace on the threshold of the Sahara. (Below) The interior of the mosque



in Libya, yet Leptis and Sabratha were adorned with hundreds of marble columns, brought by sea from Greece, Egypt and Italy. Leptis was the birthplace of one of the later Emperors (Septimius Severus) who died at York, and was thus particularly richly endowed with public buildings; the theatre at Sabratha, an open-air half circle of seats facing a three-storey roofed stage, decorated with marble columns and statues, is unique; and at Cyrene, on the hillside overlooking the green plain and the sea, are some of the finest Greek and Roman statues in the world. The excavations at Tolmeta were only begun this year, but have already yielded rich results, including some magnificent bas-reliefs. Until a few years ago the town was unknown to Europeans, but the Arabs utilized it during the rebellion in a very curious fashion. It was the port of the town of Barka, 15 miles inland, and had the disadvantage of possessing no water supply on the spot; so the Roman architects constructed an enormous reservoir below the forum, consisting of 18 long intercommunicating chambers, each 14 feet wide by 10 feet high, to which the water was brought by conduit from the hills. These immense underground galleries are still in perfect repair and capable of housing a regiment; they were used as a place of concealment and refuge by the Arabs during the war and their existence came to light when the present excavations were begun.

What has preserved these fragments for more than a thousand years is the windborne sand from the desert. Month after month and year after year it piled up against the abandoned walls after the protecting screen of trees had been destroyed, until at last many of them collapsed under the weight and the sand drifted in further and further, at last burying the whole city.

The Government of Libya is anxious to welcome tourists, and with this object has built first-class hotels in all the important centres—perhaps the finest at Cyrene, overlooking the sea plain. Tripoli can accommodate visitors of all kinds, and there is a recently completed hotel of excellent modern design and of palatial proportions. But the most interesting and unusual journey which it is possible for the tourist to make in Libya, under conditions of perfect comfort, is that to the oasis of Ghadames, 500 miles to the south across the desert. Trips are arranged by luxurious Pullman motors, stopping at the little hill towns of Yefren and Nalut in the Jebel, both of which can now boast firstclass hotels equipped with every modern convenience. After the last hundred miles across the blazing expanse of rock and sand, empty of all life, with the mirage dancing in the distance, it is hardly credible to find in the little whitewashed oasis city—completely inaccessible to the traveller up to a very few years ago-an exceptionally charming modern hotel, in perfect keeping with the local architecture.

Libya is so far very little known, but now that the new coast road is practically completed and Tripoli and Benghazi contain every modern amenity, there will certainly be an increasing influx of visitors, to admire the splendid relics of the past, the wild beauty of the country, and the results of Italian administration—which has completely transformed this ancient Roman province, for centuries sunk in poverty and neglect and twenty years ago practically unknown to Europe.

The Black Man Buys

Negro Africa as an Export Market

by F. J. ERROLL

Discussions about African colonies and colonial markets are frequently conducted without reference to one vital question—in what circumstances and to what extent is the negro likely to become a steady consumer of manufactured goods? Mr Erroll has enjoyed the rare advantage of surveying, in the course of the same journey, nearly all the British and several of the foreign territories north of the Union of South Africa. His answer to the foregoing question (vast though its geographical scope may be) is therefore no theoretical one, but is the fruit of immediate observation

The mere fact of having moved across some part of the earth's surface does not justify anyone in inflicting their 'impressions' on other people. But he who runs may sometimes be able to read a writing visible only in single letters to the inhabitants of each several country that he traverses. Negro Africa is divided among so many administrations, and is so seldom seen as a whole, that the underlying unity of its problems may perhaps be more easily perceived by the superficial observer who can compare and collate than by the man who has spent a lifetime in acquiring local experience.

This is my excuse for attempting to record one aspect of negro life that impressed itself upon me very strongly during a recent motor-tour of some 24,000 miles through South, East, Central and West Africa. Throughout that vast area the negro is, economically speaking, 'on the move'. From a static existence, little disturbed by economic aspirations, he is passing rapidly to a stage where the dynamic force of newly discovered economic needs is a dominant factor in his life. I shall attempt to illustrate the main causes of this revolutionary change, which may be summed up in four words: Taxation, Compulsion, Education and Imitation.

Before the European came to Africa, most natives lived a primitive village life, varied by occasional tribal wars. The European, in bringing peace, has also brought taxation. Each year the native must obtain sufficient cash to pay his tax. The necessity of finding this money has

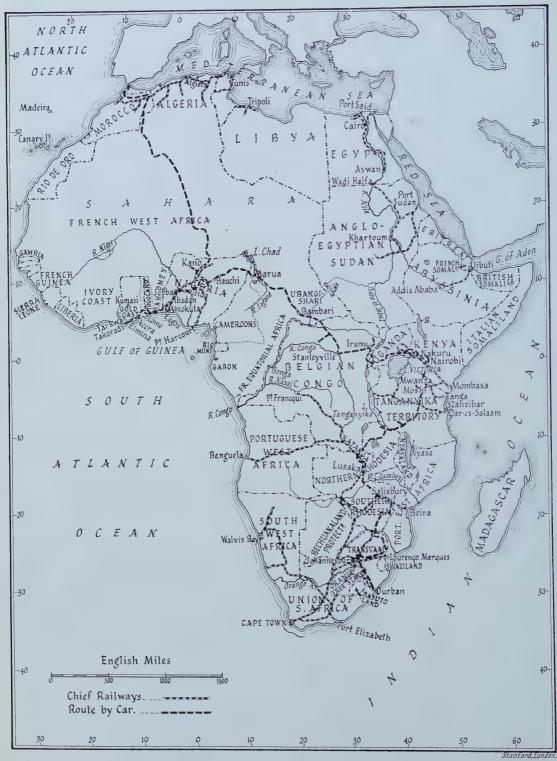
been a powerful influence in the direction of economic change. For the native's opportunities of earning cash locally are limited. He may grow crops on his village patch, carry them to the nearest market, and hope that he will be able to exchange them for sufficient money to meet the tax. But money plays only a small part in a primitive economy, and it is often impossible for the native to acquire enough cash in districts where native agricultural production has remained at the primitive level. Unless he can get local employment with Europeans, either as an agricultural labourer on a plantation or as an unskilled worker in a mine or perhaps as a domestic servant, he will be driven to seek work elsewhere.

This, however, is by no means always the case. Where the climatic and other conditions for such development are favourable, the encouragement of trading firms and of officials may induce the natives to grow crops for export; with the result that, in prosperous times when the world market is favourable, they are able not merely to pay taxes but to buy imported commodities. The Agricultural Departments in many tropical territories assist them with technical advice, and, by nursing native co-operative marketing societies, enable the natives to secure better prices through their own selling organizations. In West Africa especially, where the native peasant farmers are responsible for a large part of the world production of cocoa, palm oil, palm kernels and ground



The need or desire of the native to earn cash can be satisfied in various ways: most simply, in many parts of Africa, by unskilled labour in the employment of white men—on farms, as near Nakuru in Kenya (above), where maize is being harvested—or in mines, as at Wankie in Southern Rhodesia (below), where coal is being picked on a conveyor belt





nuts, they are becoming important consumers of manufactured goods. Cotton-growing in Uganda is almost entirely in the hands of the natives, while natives are also growing coffee successfully in Tanganyika Territory and compete with the white settlers.

A great deal depends, of course, on the price which the produce-buyer can offer. At Marua in the French Cameroons the ground nuts that have been bought must be carried a long way by lorry. The prices offered are therefore fairly low, but in spite of this a large crowd of natives was standing outside the warehouse at the time of my arrival. Introducing myself to the manager, it was not long before I was helping with the buying. One by one the long queue of natives brought their leather sacks of ground nuts onto the weighing machine. According to weight, payment was made from piles of coins on a tray. His money secured, each native would rush round to the side of the warehouse where there was a small store selling retail goods. A little later he would come out excitedly with a length of cotton print for his wife, a shirt and perhaps a knife for himself. Then he would drive his donkey back to his village, not forgetting to visit the tax office on the way.

Unfortunately for trading firms, manufacturers and governments, the negro's desire to produce and sell, and therefore his ability to buy and to pay taxes, is liable to diminish very rapidly under adverse economic conditions. When, for example, the price of palm oil in the Niger Delta fell, the natives went back to their primitive village life and did no work at all rather than work harder for less reward. During the recent depression, officials in East Africa were thankful for the cheapness of Japanese cotton goods, as, if only the more expensive British goods had been available, the native would have cheerfully gone back to wearing skins. The Gold Coast Government a few years ago planted a sisal estate and installed decorticating

machinery. The estate was to be owned and worked by natives, but now the factory is derelict and the estate forgotten.

It is perhaps hardly surprising that in certain territories the compulsion exerted on the native to change his economic habits is more direct than that of taxation. The Belgian authorities resort quite freely to forced labour, for the need of money alone, they say, will not induce the native to work. In some of the districts in French Equatorial Africa, where cotton production is being stimulated, the officials employ methods which almost amount to compulsion in order to induce the natives to plant and grow it. Cultivation is undertaken on such a scale that it leaves the natives little time for anything else. was told me by a missionary who had just driven 200 miles in his lorry to buy food for the relief of the natives in his district: so busy had they been tending the cotton crop, that they had had no time to plant crops for their own food supply.

Agricultural production for export does not thus in itself furnish a very stable native market for manufactured goods. To discover, and to be permanently affected by, new economic needs the negro must undergo a process of education which is much accelerated when, for one reason or another, he begins to migrate. Here we may revert to the subject of taxa-Tax demands (combined with other causes to be mentioned later) may bring about a general exodus—not, as has been stated, to evade the tax, but to earn the cash to pay it. The effects of such an exodus on social and economic life are often so serious as to constitute a grave problem for colonial administrations. A committee appointed last year by the Governor of Nyasaland to inquire into emigration from the Protectorate named as its prime cause 'the need of the native for cash wherewith to pay his hut or poll tax' and estimated that more than a quarter of the male population is at present abroad—chiefly in the Union of South



In some areas, especially in West Africa, native agricultural production is stimulated by a steady demand in industrial countries overseas. Groundnuts (used for margarine and cattle cake) being loaded for export at Marua, French Cameroons



The trading companies are both buyers and sellers: as soon as these natives at Marua have disposed of their produce, they will rush round to the retail store at the side of the Niger Company's warehouse



But the retail selling organization is often in native hands, and manufactured goods figure more or less prominently, in accordance with native ability to buy them, in local markets. British cotton goods on sale at Kano in Northern Nigeria



Certain administrations compel the native to work. Forced labour is employed in building a bridge on the Irumu—Stanleyville main road in the Belgian Congo



In other cases production is stimulated by methods which almost amount to compulsion, as in the cotton-growing districts of French Equatorial Africa near Bambari

Africa and Southern Rhodesia, but also in Portuguese East Africa, the Belgian Congo, Northern Rhodesia and Tanganyika Territory. Having travelled hundreds of miles in search of work, the native may settle permanently far from home. The abovementioned committee reported that on an average 25 per cent to 30 per cent of the emigrants from Nyasaland do not return.

Travel brings the native into contact with the white man, and with other natives. He learns that money, besides being used to pay tax, can purchase the comforting goods of civilization. Clothes, tobacco and drink are to be had in return for the money obtained by labour. As unskilled workers, natives have only a limited spending power; it is not until their labour commands higher wages that they can become important consumers. The desire



Responsible posts in government employment bring regular pay. A native policeman on point duty at Accra, capital of the Gold Coast

to possess more of these goods induces them either to work for longer periods or to learn to perform skilled work for which they would be paid more.

In South Africa the development of the skilled native is regarded with disfavour, for, being content with a lower wage-level, he might one day displace the white worker. One must therefore look to the tropical countries where white men cannot perform manual work to see any big growth in native consumption. In these places negro artificers are in great demand, and a good wage is paid to them: the native thus receives a greater encouragement to improve his skill. Since the negro scarcely saves at all, each increase in wages means an increase in the demand for manufactured goods.

The importance of government employment should not be overlooked, as the government of each tropical colony employs natives as far as possible. Native policemen are to be found in the towns regulating the traffic and preserving order efficiently. Native ability to undertake police work of a semi-military character is to be seen in the Customs Preventive Service, one unit of which I discovered on a remote part of the frontier between the Gold Coast and Togoland. It was not only entirely composed of natives but was even being inspected by a native sergeant. The only white person present was myself. One may note in passing that a very high standard of discipline and turn-out is reached by the two native regiments organized in British territories for defensive purposes—the King's African Rifles in East Africa and the West African Frontier Force.

There are many openings for skilled and semi-skilled natives in commercial and industrial employment. Native lorry-drivers are used exclusively in the Belgian Congo and West Africa. In the railway workshops at Nairobi I found native mechanics working the drills and lathes, and native fitters assembling the loco-



Sunday inspection, by a native sergeant, of an all-native unit of H.M. Customs Preventive Service on the Gold Coast—Togoland frontier

motives. From one corner came the flashes of electric-arc welding. The welder, raising the visor of his protective helmet on finishing his work, showed him-

self to be a negro.

The native is also beginning to accept the elements of responsibility. Development work at the Kipushi mine in the Katanga copper-field is speeded up by having an analyst underground. Formerly samples of ore had to be sent up to the surface, and operations underground suspended until a report on the analysis was sent down. But now a small laboratory has been built underground, with a negro analyst in charge.

Before driving my car across the railway bridge over the River Niger at Jebba it was necessary to obtain permission from the stationmaster. Not only was it a native driver who had just brought a train into the station, but the stationmaster as

well was a negro. Altogether 17,000 Africans are employed in the running of the Nigerian Railway, only 330 Europeans holding the managerial and supervisory posts. As clerks, mechanics and drivers, negroes have completely taken the place of their white tutors.

At Kano in Northern Nigeria I watched an operation in the native hospital. An English surgeon cut away the ulcer; but an African administered the anaesthetic, Africans arranged the patient for the operation, Africans had swabs and dressings ready, and when the surgeon had finished they dressed the wound and wheeled the patient away. Yet only thirty-three years ago Kano had never even smelt chloroform—so rapid has the progress been.

It was easy enough to become enthusiastic in a detached way about the skill of natives, but the test came when the garage



Skill in the use of machinery earns better wages and thus increases native purchasing power. A native is here seen guiding a monitor to wash away tin-bearing ground at a mine on the Bauchi plateau, Nigeria

A native-run ferry over the River Logone, French Equatorial Africa. Payment in kind must be made for using it: petrol and oil for the engine; no small demand when the nearest petrol store is 300 miles away





Tropical Africa nowadays affords the native many opportunities of acquiring technical skill. Natives work the winches on the S.S. Rusinga, a 1200-ton vessel which plies on the waters of Lake Victoria







The birth of a capitalist? A native owner of diamond workings at Dom Pim near Tarkwa, Gold Coast, known in the district as the 'Diamond Chief', and (right) one of his employees

foreman at Nairobi asked me whether he should give the work of decarbonizing my car to a white or native mechanic. It was a difficult decision to make, for the car was shortly to go through regions where no well-equipped garages existed to deal with a breakdown. Freedom from engine trouble for a subsequent eleven thousand miles proved the success of my choice: the native mechanic had done his work well.

For natives who prefer private enterprise there are many opportunities. Hire purchase has made the buying of a new motor car or lorry a simple matter. Taxis, native owned and driven, are to be found in most towns. Native-owned lorries carrying goods at low rates are competing severely with the railways in many places.

The black chief of Dom Pim in the Gold Coast has a secretary and a bank account. He needs these, for he is the owner of some diamond workings which yield a considerable profit, since the working-costs are very low. The diamond-bearing earth is washed in calabashes, the diamonds them-

selves being collected and sent to the bank. A share in the profit is divided up between all the villagers who have an interest in the workings. The diamonds of Dom Pimeare extracted by hand, but there is no reason why the native chief, as funds accumulate, should not buy plant and employ black engineers in order to work the property on a bigger scale. Here we may be seeing the beginnings of native ownership of mines.

Emigration in search of work is not confined to native manual workers, for the native clerk in the bank at Buta in the Belgian Congo told me that he was 'going home on leave in a few months' time'. In reply to my question he said that although his parents lived on the Cold Coast, 3000 miles away, they had raised no objection to his 'going abroad'. This is not an isolated instance, for the captain who took me over his river-boat on the Congo was a negro from Jamaica, and the chief engineer who showed me the engines was a native from the West Coast. In fact the

only Europeans on that boat were the white passengers. Educated natives are quite prepared to travel big distances in order to take up remunerative employment.

Direct education in missions and schools is producing many clerks and typists on the West Coast. This 'black-coated' class forms a not inconsiderable proportion of the population and, being well paid, they are becoming a powerful group of consumers. At a dinner-club in Lagos for Englishmen and Africans I met native lawyers and native doctors, the equals of their fellow-clubmen in every respect, save in colour alone.

It is easy to forget how important a factor is the native desire to imitate the white man. I do not think we fully realize

our responsibilities in this direction. Every European in Africa, by the example he sets, is unconsciously showing the African a new way of living.

I saw negroes playing cricket on the Gold Coast, polo in Nigeria and football in Kenya. There may only be a small demand now for sports goods, but as the natives copy more and more the white men whom they see continually playing games, so will the demand grow.

Just as they learn our ways of taking exercise, they are learning our ways of pleasure and comfort. Natives first learn to light their huts with cheap oil-lamps, but now in many towns their houses have electricity laid on, not only for lighting, but for refrigerators, fans and wireless sets. Wireless relays are proving particularly



With money come clothes, and sewing-machines are in great demand, for the natives usually make up their own garments. This was taken at Lomé, capital of the French Mandated Territory of Togoland



Imitation of the white man's ways is a powerful factor in creating new demands among the negro population of Africa. The start of a relay race at the police sports at Lagos, Nigeria

popular on the Gold Coast, where, amongst other things, a children's hour is broadcast.

The Carnegie Trust has recently provided funds for an ambitious educational experiment. Films depicting natives using the savings bank, drinking tea, and adopting better methods of agriculture have been shown in a number of villages in East Africa. The negro is in this case encouraged to learn by imitating his own kind. It is said that the experiment is meeting with a fair degree of success.

Advertisements for well-known commodities are appearing in West Africa. One shows a negro becoming energetic through taking a well-known food drink; another, a negro helping himself to appetizing slices of a brand of corned beef packed in Uruguay. With the help of these vivid posters, natives are learning

to imitate each other. Manufacturers, by bringing out posters specially designed to appeal to the native, show what importance they attach to the requirements of the negro consumer.

My native servant, with sound business sense, waited till he was in Mandated Territory, where prices of imported articles are lower, before making any purchases. Then he bought a metal strap for his wrist-watch in imitation of my own. The will to imitate is a strong one, but it may be applied with more thoroughness than discrimination. Negroes love to overdress: but a purple tie, a wasp-waisted jacket and a dandy's shoes can be forgiven when they are topped by a smiling black face.

Negroes are not only learning to consume individually but they are developing as collective consumers on a large scale.



Posters, specially designed to appeal to the native, show what importance European manufacturers attach to the negro consumer in those parts of Africa where the native has money to spend

In the various British territories where the principles of Indirect Rule are being applied, considerable sums derived from taxation are paid into the native treasuries for expenditure by the native administrations. The powerful emirates of Northern Nigeria thus obtain a considerable revenue from taxation. The Emir of Kano has taken a close personal interest in the equipping of the local hospital with this money. It ranks now as the finest native hospital in Africa, and possesses X-ray and diathermy apparatus as well as a most up-to-date operating theatre.

With the large funds at its disposal the native administration of Ibadan in Nigeria has built a fine city hall of which the townspeople have good cause to be proud. Many excellent road bridges built over wide rivers have been financed entirely out of Native Treasury funds. All this

constructional work is helping to provide a market for British steels and building materials.

Another important aspect of collective consumption is noticeable in the field of transport. In Nigeria I found an efficient motor-bus service in operation, owned and operated by natives. The buses were of British manufacture. To encourage the native in the use of the railways, rail cars, built by an English firm, have been introduced on the Tanganyika Railway. Catering especially for the native's needs, these cars will stop anywhere on the line to pick up or set down passengers and, on account of their convenience and comfort, they are successfully meeting native bus competition. Additional popularity is gained for them by appealing to the native's sense of humour, as the two cars bear Swaheli names, 'Mambo Nisasa' and 'Mwendo



In certain British territories governed through native institutions under the system of Indirect Rule, the natives direct expenditure on public works. Examples of these in Nigeria are the road bridge near Bida (above) and the City Hall at Ibadan (below)



Collective consumption in transport. A motor-bus service run by natives for natives at Lagos in Nigeria



A busy station scene on the Gold Coast. Tarkwa station on the line between Takoradi and Kumasi



An Imperial Airways machine at Kano, Nigeria. Although air travel is still too expensive for most natives, the air-mail services are much appreciated



Nbeyo', which may be roughly translated as 'The Last Word' and 'Go like Hell'.

Travel by aeroplane may be too expensive for negroes yet, but that they are fully conscious of its advantages was shown by the queue of natives at the Air Mail counter of the Post Office when the new Imperial Airways service was started to Nigeria. Air services on the West Coast may well be developed during the next few years for the benefit of the native traffic.

Most of these examples come from West Africa, where the native has received the greatest encouragement. In East Africa the Indian has so far carried out most of the skilled work, and set himself up as a trader: the low-paid unskilled work has been left to the African. In South Africa each and every native development is regarded with apprehension by the majority of the white population. Thus, although most opportunity exists in the south for the native to learn by imitation, least progress can be made there.

Matters are improving in East Africa, where the governments are encouraging the use of skilled African workers, but it is in the West that I see most development

and most likelihood of further advance. Large and relatively prosperous populations are requiring a wide variety of products for individual consumption; they are also becoming prepared for an increasing number of public works and transport enterprises.

In recording these facts of economic change, I have sought to avoid expressing opinions as to the relative merits of the various administrative policies that I was able to observe in action. Within the territories owing allegiance to the British Crown, governments display the widest extremes of variation in their attitude towards native economic development. I believe, however, that, throughout the countries which I visited, administrators are going to be faced with a pressure that in the long run will sweep aside all theoretical assumptions as regards the manner in which this development should take place —the demand of the native himself for an increasing share in the material benefits of the white man's civilization. The growth and fulfilment of this desire will be the measure of black Africa's importance as a market for manufactured goods.



'Mambo Nisasa'—'The Last Word'

South-West Africa

A Study in German Relations

by P. BRUCHHAUSEN

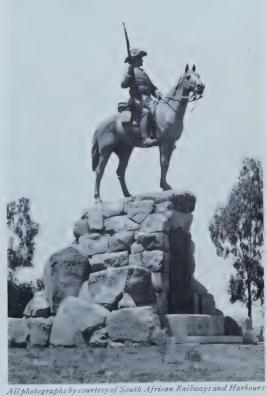
Englishmen who write about the ex-German colonies may sometimes be suspected of prejudice against former colonial rivals. No such suspicion can attach to a South African of German descent when his theme is the mandated territory of South-West Africa, which held and still holds more German inhabitants than all Germany's other colonies put together. Mr Bruchhausen, as a member of the staff of the Administrator appointed by the Union Government, was able to appreciate both the qualities and the defects of the German spirit in its overseas manifestation

THE stamvaders, or founders of families amongst the so-called Dutch of South Africa, numbered more Germans than Netherlanders, and though the Boer, or Afrikaner as he calls himself these days, has lost all his national attachments to Europe, his partiality to Germany, her culture and her people has always been notable.

During the Boer War the German people, as apart from their Government, showed the Boers great sympathy. During the World War the majority of Afrikaners disapproved of General Botha's invasion of German South-West Africa even to the point of an 'armed protest'. During the Peace Treaty and Mandates Bill debates in Parliament General Hertzog, on behalf of the Nationalists, repudiated the acceptance of 'stolen property', and there was a general impression amongst his supporters and his opponents that he would return the colony to Germany the moment he had the power to do so.

In 1921, after the repeal of martial law in the former German colony, the Union of South Africa called for civil servants for the administration of her mandated territory. Among those who accepted posts in the South-West were many Afrikaners who went there to be missioners of goodwill to their distant kinsmen, to temper the wind of a conqueror's thoughtlessness, to save the conquered from heartburns such as the Boers had suffered after their defeat.

This was in early 1921. By the end of the year most of them had come to realize the genius of the Germans for trying the affection of their best friends, turning friendship if not into enmity, then at least into calculating cynicism. In such a small community—then 24,000 whites scattered over an area seven times the size of Britain—even Civil Servants had close personal



Allphotographs by courtesy of South African Railways and Harbours
Symbolic of the difficulties surmounted by Germany
in South-West Africa is the monument at
Windhoek commemorating the end of the Herero
rising of 1903–7

contacts with the population. There were no military at all to strain the situation, and even the Smuts Administration was prepared to meet the Germans, say, a third of the way. Most of the South African officials spoke German and no German was put to disadvantage in the courts or in official intercourse through his ignorance of the Union's official languages, English and Afrikaans. Of garrison tone or manner there was exceedingly little, for the Afrikaner is a sociable fellow and he found fraternization with the Germans as easy as he had found it with the British.

But there was this accursed race complex. Some of the Afrikaners had studied in Germany, found Germans to be the kindliest of people, and had never suspected such a thing possessed them. But in South-West even the ordinary courtesies of hospitality did not save the German host of a high South African official from the question, in the hearing of his guest, "Are you not ashamed, you, a Kulturmensch, to bring dirty unwashed Boers into this German institution?" The writer was a fellow sufferer in this incident.



Under such circumstances it became difficult to retain one's appreciation of the many real grievances of the German population. One began to foster a dislike for Germans and grow conscious of the need for controlling one's emotions by the exercise of reason.

In spite of these irritations it is undeniable that the Hertzog régime, which came into power in 1924, made even more liberal concessions to German sentiment than its predecessor. The German language, never repressed, now assumed full equality with the official languages in the country. German schools, hitherto maintained at remarkable sacrifice by the Germans, also received generous financial and other assistance from the Administration; the Union Matriculation Board was induced to change its rules to enable German scholars to write their entrance examination to South African universities almost entirely in German! The curriculum was so devised as to enable the young Germans to matriculate both for South African and German universities. Indeed, the position of the Germans became one as privileged as that of women in the modern state!

Yet the more the Administrator conceded to the Germans the more aggressive the Germans seemed to grow. The old German farmers, it is true, had been finding their common level with the South Africans, but in the towns there was flaunting of badges, and a banging of beer mugs, bombast, bragging and bravado. Even the patience of so congenital a pro-German as General Hertzog wore thin. There were police raids, expulsions, and the shutting-down of organizations. The German members walked out of the Legislative Assembly; the Afrikaners clamoured for incorporation in the Union; the Union Government said: "Now, now. Do behave yourselves and let us talk things over." Quite recently the South African Government protested against the action of the German Consul in South-West Africa



The Hereros, whose chief occupation is stockbreeding, are the principal native people of the Territory, though their numbers were reduced by three-quarters in conflict with the Germans. These Herero women are still wearing the fashions—with narrow waists and voluminous skirts-introduced by missionaries over fifty years ago; the high padded turban is the Herero version of the 'Kopdoek' common to the women of many South African tribes. The man below is a member of the Berg Damara people, despised by the Herero and much persecuted by other tribes before the coming of German rule which, for them at least, meant freedom from persecution.



in calling upon naturalized British subjects and South African nationals to register for military service under Hitler's new con-

script laws.

This is the recent history of ex-German South-West Africa. It is a story of wrangles and wounded susceptibilities, undignified assertiveness, and equally ridiculous tu quoques. Even so, and though I left the Civil Service and South-West many years ago, I have warmer memories of South-West Africa than of any other part of my native Africa.

We can enter South-West Africa by two ports, Luderitz and Walvis Bay, as well as by rail from the Union. At the commencement of the 1914 campaign the Union railway had reached as far as Upington on the Orange River, while the German railway had gone south as far as Kalkfontein. The intervening 150 miles were linked up by military engineers.



A Bushman woman. Once spread all over South Africa, they are now reduced to 5000, mostly in the less accessible parts of South-West Africa

After leaving Union Territory, the traveller follows one of the dreariest routes in Southern Africa. Grass is hardly ever seen, though the country is excellent for sheep. It is flat and dispersed with stony koppies and covered sparsely with various types of Euphorbia and nutritious salt bushes, the staple feed of the stock. The rainfall rarely exceeds 10 inches a year. Farms in this area have therefore to be large: it takes 20 acres to raise a sheep and a farm of 30,000 acres is quite modest. In this part, which is known as Great Namaqualand, herds of thousands of springbok can still be seen, but rhino and giraffe and other species of big game have disappeared, not only because of the hunter but also because the country seems to be drying up. Further north there is a complete change in the scenery. The dreary countryside gives way to park-like grass-land studded with huge camelthorn trees. The Rehoboth district is one of the most beautiful in the country, and is the reserve of an interesting half-caste people who call themselves Rehoboth Bastards and who migrated thither from the Cape in 1869.

From this district the railway line climbs through magnificent mountain scenery, crossing a pass at a height of almost 8000 feet and then descending to the capital, Windhoek. This busy little place of some 5000 white inhabitants is attractively situated on two ridges. Three small castles, replicas of German Schlösser, perpetuate the German aspect of the town. The main agricultural activity of the central and northern districts is cattle raising, and great progress has been made. Owing to the tremendous distance from the Union it is over 1300 miles by rail from Windhoek to Capetown or Johannesburg-markets are the main problem, and freight and other circumstances make ranching less profitable here than elsewhere in Southern Africa.

From Windhoek we reach country which grows more pleasing as the train steams north. The rainfall, which averages 14 to 16 inches a year in the central portion of



A railway ganger, with dogged German passion, created this formally ordered garden on the edge of the wilderness at Haalenberg. It remains one of the finest collections of desert succulents in Africa

the territory, increases in the north to over 20 inches. At the end of the railway line, about Tsumeb and Grootfontein, are valuable mineral deposits, including the famous

Tsumeb copper mine.

From Tsumeb and Grootfontein it is possible to travel by car past the Etosha Pan into Ovamboland. The Etosha Pan is the largest in South Africa and has an area of over 1400 square miles. In winter it is dry and covered with a dazzling white crust composed chiefly of common salt; but during the summer months—that is, the rainy season—a shallow sheet of water covers its surface. It lies in the centre of an enormous game reserve, and it is not uncommon to see thousands of wild animals of various species grazing within a couple of miles of one's vantage point.

In the extreme north we meet the Okavango and Kunene, the first perennial

streams since leaving the Orange River, 800 miles to the south. There are a number of rivers within the territory, but these flow only for short periods during the rainy season.

North of the areas open to European settlement live a number of tribes of the Ovambo race in very much the same primitive condition as when they arrived in South-West Africa in the wake of their distant kinsmen the Herero. Ovamboland, as their territory is known, is ruled through native chiefs and councillors by a handful of officials assisted by a few native orderlies. It is doubtful whether the number of white men, officials and missionaries living amongst and ruling effectively and peacefully more than a hundred thousand Ovambos, exceeds a couple of score.

All along the coast from the Kunene to

south of the Orange River runs a strip of desert, 60 to 100 miles wide, absolutely devoid of vegetation. From the deck of the liner entering Walvis Bay one sees miles and miles of sand dunes, extending due north and south along the coast and frequently threatening the railway line which connects the port of Walvis Bay with the town of Swakopmund. From Swakopmund the railway line continues inland until it joins the central system. At the southern port, Luderitz, the landscape is even drearier. Here the dunes form broad valleys and the wind blows for ever. Signposts and window frames have to be of steel to withstand the constant friction of the flying sand. Yet the people live here because of the wealth the sand contains. Huge condenser and power plants on the shore of the Bay supply condensed sea water and electric current a hundred miles down the desert coast, where at intervals are great diamond-washing stations. electric railway runs through the whole of this territory. Mechanical scrapers eat up the dunes, loading the sand into trucks. In the washing-plant this sand is treated until tons of it are reduced to a small round hand-sieve from which sharp-eyed natives pick out the diamonds. The diamond area is known as the Sperrgebiet, and it is forbidden to enter this territory, which is under concession to mining companies.

As for the farmer in South-West Africa, his life may be a hard one, yet there are few who would exchange it for another. The country has a grandeur of its own and there is more room here than anywhere else in Southern Africa. In the area 'within the police zone'—that is, in about two-thirds of its 322,000 square miles—live not more than 31,800 Europeans and 90,000 natives. Game abounds, and though game laws are strictly applied, there is as good sport in the territory as anywhere in Africa. Upon the man who finds pleasure in satisfying the hunter's instincts and in the opportunity of being

alone, of feeling a sense of space, South-West Africa can exert a powerful charm.

The history of European contact with South-West Africa begins about the middle of the 15th century, when the Portuguese were engaged in seeking for a sea-route to India. Even before Bartholomew Diaz, on the way to the Cape in 1486, had erected the customary cross of the Portuguese navigator at Angra Pequena, Diego Cao had seen the coast of South-West Africa and left his cross at Cape Cross, several hundred miles to the north of Walvis Bay.

But the coast was unattractive and for several centuries received no attention whatever from European explorers. The earliest information we have of European travellers dates from 1760, when an elephant-hunter, Jacobus Coetsé, who had visited the country, reported at the Cape that he had heard of a wealthy black race and rich copper mountains beyond the Orange River.

As a consequence of his report, Captain Hendrik Hop was sent to explore Great Namaqualand. This expedition was forced to return after it had got about as far as Keetmanshoop. In 1775 a Polish deserter from the Cape garrison, Wikar by name, made his way to the Orange River and, joining a band of Hottentots, travelled extensively in the country immediately north and south of the river. In return for a free pardon from the Cape Government he furnished a full and very interesting report of his observations.

On his journey Wikar met Colonel Gordon, Commander of the Dutch garrison at the Cape, and his friend Lieutenant Paterson, who were travelling to the north of the Orange River, where, on August 17, 1779, 'we launched a boat and hoisted Dutch colours. Colonel Gordon proposed first to drink the State's health, and then that of the Prince of Orange and the Company; after which he gave the river the



Though much affected by the economic crisis, the diamond industry of the coastal desert is slowly reviving. Electric power, generated at Luderitz, enables truckloads of sand to be brought from the desert camps (above) and reduced to sievefuls from which the stones are picked by hand (below)





The German flag first flew at Luderitz, the port of the diamond area, devoid of vegetation and 50 miles from fresh water: sea-water is condensed here and pumped to the desert camps

name of Orange River in honour of that Prince.'

Subsequent expeditions under Willem and Sebastian van Reenen in 1791 and 1793 travelled overland almost as far as Windhoek and, by the coast, reached Walvis Bay and followed the course of the Swakop River. Two tribes, the Berg Damara and the Hereros, were encountered.

Thereafter the missionaries took up the penetration of this country. The first mission station was established at Warmbad by a German in the service of the London Mission Society in 1805. Eventually, after an interlude of Wesleyan control, it passed, together with subsequent foundations, into the possession of the Rhenish Society, who by 1869 had established stations at most of the important native villages in Hottentot and Herero country. Meanwhile large numbers of traders and hunters had begun to enter the country from all sides.

In 1878 Walvis Bay, the only large and safe harbour on the coast, was annexed by the British.

During the 19th century the country was devastated by frequent native and tribal wars. Apart from Bushmen and Berg Damaras, who are the real aborigines of this area, the most important tribes of South-West Africa are the Hottentots, the Hereros and the Ovambo. We have no knowledge of the cradle of the Hottentot race, which differs as much from the Caucasian as from the negro, more nearly resembling the Mongolian than any other, but differing even from him in having a head clothed with short tufts of woolly hair instead of coarse long straight hair.

The Hottentots, in their migrations, must have struck the Atlantic somewhere north of the Kunene and then travelled southward along the coast, almost up to the south coast of Natal. At different stages on the century-long migration sec-



The islands off the coast (British even while the mainland was German) are populated by penguins, which supply an extensive source of revenue in their vast accumulation of guano

tions of the invaders remained behind, each of which assumed a tribal name. Nowhere did they penetrate far inland, and, when the Dutch first settled at the Cape in 1562, they found various Hottentot tribes in possession along the coast. With the expansion of the Cape settlement the Hottentot tribes retreated on their own tracks until the northernmost invaders had returned as far north as Windhoek. There is to this day a distinct difference between the 'original' Hottentot tribes and the 'invading' Hottentot tribes of South-West Africa. The latter are not so pure in race, much more intelligent, and, in the history of the 19th century, soon became the dominant section.

Following on the tracks of the Hottentots came a Bantu tribe, the Hereros, bringing with them large herds of cattle. This tribe must have left the region of Lake Tanganyika about the 16th or 17th century and reached the Upper Zambesi about

the year 1762. By about 1792 they had reached Okahandja. From that time until the pacification of South-West Africa by the Germans towards the end of the 19th century the Herero and Hottentots lived in perpetual strife. The herds of the Hereros were a welcome incentive to the plundering instincts of the indolent Hottentots, and their higher standard of civilization made them formidable enemies. Until about 1862 the Hereros were content to pay tribute to the Hottentots, but after that year, and mainly under the leadership of the Swedish hunter, Anderssen, they commenced a war of independence which resulted in their victorious peace in 1870. The main result of this peace was to transfer the ownership of the aboriginal Berg Damara tribe from its slavery under the Hottentots to bondage under the Hereros. The peace lasted ten years, when a massacre of Hottentot herds by the Hereros brought on hostilities once more.



Windhoek, the capital of South-West Africa, laid out by the Germans in neutral country between the warring Hereros and Hottentots. Conspicuous in the picture is the spire of the Lutheran Church



Facing Windhoek on the opposite ridge is the native location. Here, under a European superintendent, the natives build their huts in separate quarters, according to their tribes



Behind Windhoek lies the market-gardening suburb of Klein Windhoek. In the centre, among the vineyards of the Roman Catholic Mission, is the oldest existing European house in the territory, built in 1841



South-West Africa is essentially a ranching, not a farming, country. In 1934 there were 622,500 head of cattle. Considering the scantiness of grass the standard of their condition is very high

It is at this time that Hendrik Witbooi first appeared upon the scene. He is perhaps the most remarkable man produced by the South-West African native races. In the mountains south of Windhoek voices spoke to him. But the mission of peace to the Hereros with which he was inspired became, owing to their recalcitrance, a mission of punishment against the heathen. He also became race conscious; one of the first native nationalists of South Africa. It was the duty, he said, of every yellow man (Hottentot) to fight for the possession of 'this our Africa'. Hottentot chiefs who refused to accept his assertion of paramountcy were set upon by the Witbooi bands, killed or driven off, and their tribes incorporated in the Witboois. From religious leader he had advanced to military predominance and now he became obsessed with his national mission. By the time the Germans came to South-West in 1884 he was issuing proclamations left and right to all the tribes, black or yellow, under the signature of Captain Hendrik Witbooi, King of all Great Namaqualand.

About 1882 the inhospitable tract of land bordering the sea coast north of the Orange River had attracted the attention of Adolf Lüderitz, a merchant of Bremen. He established a trading station at Angra Pequena, now known as Luderitz, and petitioned the German Government for a Charter. After protracted negotiations between the British and German Governments, Bismarck, growing impatient of the dilatoriness of the then British Foreign Secretary, dispatched a gunboat to South-West Africa and proclaimed the annexation of the territory. In August 1884 the German flag was hoisted at Luderitz. Lüderitz' representative thereupon entered into treaties with most of the native chiefs and these were confirmed by the Government of the Reich.

The first Governor of the new German protectorate was one Dr Goering. The few years he spent in South-West Africa seem to have been unhappy ones and he suffered much danger and many insults at the hands of the various native tribes. From all appearances he lacked those



A hundred miles from a railway, on the edge of a plateau overlooking the Namib desert, a German officer and settler built himself a castle, furnished from his ancestral seat and fitted with such conveniences as marble baths and a portcullis. It stands in Hottentot country and was built just after the last Hottentot rising had been crushed. It is now a farmhouse

characteristics which have made his son, General Goering, the figure he is in Euro-

pean affairs.

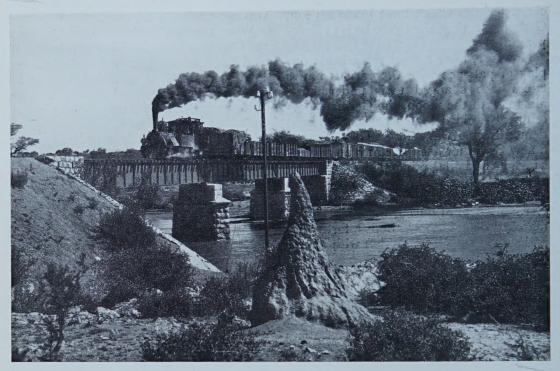
However, after a most remarkable display of patience with the various native tribes who changed their undertakings almost with the moon, the German Government decided that persuasion without demonstration was futile. They sent out a new Governor and gave him an army-21 rank and file, reinforced in 1890 by another 43 men. The new Governor, von François (who became a distinguished German General during the Great War), marched on Windhoek, built a fort there, and visited the various chiefs with almost his entire force. The tribes grew a little more circumspect. All but Hendrik Witbooi, who refused to stop his expeditions even against the Hereros who had now accepted the German protectorate. In the end von François, having received a few hundred reinforcements, made a surprise attack on Hendrik's stronghold. Hendrik escaped with his warriors and it was not until 1894 that he was subdued and concluded a treaty of friendship and protection with the Kaiser. The pacification of the protectorate now proceeded apace and most of the German expeditions were rendered all the more effective by the presence of a Witbooi Corps. For a few years there was peace and German settlers started to dribble into the country. Then came the big Herero rising of 1903-4, the appointment of a ruthless soldier to the command of the colonial forces, terrible destruction amongst the Hereros and-on the eve of victory—a rising of all the Hottentot tribes. A 'prophet' from the Cape Colony had appeared in Witbooi's village, told him of a vision he had seen in which Witbooi was the 'yellow Messiah', and urged him to save his race from bondage. Eventually Witbooi ordered the murder of all Germans, including even his 'son', the German District Commissioner, for whom he entertained a genuine regard. fell early in the campaign, but the rising

was not quelled until 1907.

When the World War broke out in 1914 the Germans could look back on less than a decade of unhampered colonization. In that time, however, they had built villages which compared more than favourably with many century-old villages elsewhere in Southern Africa. They had spent millions on their new hobby, had established experimental agricultural stations, bacteriological laboratories, built railways, laid telegraphs, opened up the wealthy diamond fields of Luderitz (on which indeed the entire country rested) and filled the German archives in Windhoek with files of folk-lore and information on native laws and customs and reports of explorations which have given one writer at least more pleasure than any other of his researches.

They had also built at Windhoek what was then the most powerful wireless station in the world, and thereby sealed their own fate. By July 1915 the country had passed into the possession of the forces of the Union of South Africa under the command of Generals Botha and Smuts.

In 1919 South-West Africa became a mandated territory of the Union of South Africa. Even in the German time there had been a very substantial proportion of Boer settlers in the country. Their kinsmen now flocked in in large numbers. In 1924, when the Nationalists assumed power, they found themselves unable to consider any question of an abandonment of 'stolen property', because already the majority of the white population was not only South African but of Boer stock. In 1926 General Hertzog conceded a large measure of self-government to the country, following upon an automatic naturalization of the German settlers which had been arranged with the German Government by General Smuts before he went out of power. (The Germans made practically no use of their right to retain German nationality.) Subsequently General Hertzog recognized German as a third and equal official



A copper train crossing the Omaruru River, in flood after the rains. Note how the tip of the termite hill in the foreground points due magnetic north—as does every single one

language of the territory. The present situation has already been dealt with.

Quite recently a Union Government Commission reported on the future administration of the territory. Each of its three members recommended a different One suggestion was to rule the territory as a fifth province of the Union; another was to lessen the legislative powers of the local Assembly and give the South-Westers only advisory powers. The third recommendation is remarkable, not only for its outspokenness but also because it comes from an eminent authority in international and constitutional law who has had direct experience of South-West since 1920. He rebukes the people of the country for being quarrelsome and unfitted for politics, accepts the fact that the Nazis in South-West repudiate democratic institutions, and then recommends that the administration should be carried on by Commission appointed by and responsible to the Prime Minister of the Union.

Nowhere in this report is there any suggestion that the Union should rid herself of her troublesome and very expensive ward. The South African Minister of Defence, just returned home from a visit to England, now states definitely that the Union cannot consent to a restoration of South-West to Germany, if for strategic reasons alone. Sooner or later, in the writer's opinion, the territory must become incorporated in the Union upon which it is economically dependent, of which it shares the general outlook, and to which it is strategically essential.